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Adam Goodwon

A Farce in One Act

By FRANK J. STANTON

With Cast of Characters, Synopsis, Entrances and Exits
and all the Stage Business given complete

NORWICH, NEW YORK

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1911

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ADAM · GOODWON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Colonel Adam Goodwon, a wealthy mine owner.	
Josephine, his daughter.	
Milton Nelson, his private secretary.	
Time, the present	Place, Chicago

SYNOPSIS

Colonel Goodwon, a millionaire of Chicago, has had a sort of understanding with Sylvanus Small, also a millionaire, regarding the hand of his daughter, Josephine. Josephine knows nothing of this and is in love with Milton Nelson, her father's private secretary. Milton accidentally learns the state of affairs and enlists the Colonel's sympathy. The Colonel, unknowingly, plans and assists in the elopement of his own daughter after disclosing a part of his own past life. It is a little case of history repeating itself (or a case of a little history repeating itself) and there is no doubt of perfect happiness in the young couple's future.

COSTUMES

are modern, but should be such as befits a wealthy man. Josephine should change to automobile costume for her second entrance.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION

thirty to forty-five minutes. Josie first enters singing, so Milton can join her in singing specialty, if desired. The Colonel introduces a song or instrumental number (having a guitar, mandolin, banjo or other instrument, all ready on stage) and the messenger boy can be used for a song.

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ADAM GOODWON

Scene--An up-to-date office. Desks well down front on each side of stage. Other appropriate accessories about stage such as hat tree and umbrella stand up C, and chairs in various places, etc. Revolving chairs at desks. Desks littered in business way. Practical up-to-date telephone on the desk at Right. Doors R and L. Milton Nelson is discovered at rise of the curtain, at the hat tree, where he removes his gloves, coat and hat. After hanging up coat and hat he comes down to desk left, speaking.

MILTON--There's no use putting this affair off any longer. Sits, and commences opening and arranging letters from a pile on his desk. I'm getting frantic. If I'm ever going to marry Josie I've got to do something desperate. I've waited and waited a chance to speak to the old gentleman and when he's NOT here I'm brave enough to step up and ask his consent, but when he IS here, my courage oozes out like water from a leaky tub. I guess my real fear is that of getting a "turn down." During this, he has been looking over each letter as opened, suddenly starts Well, THIS brings matters to a focus! Holds up letter and then reads

Col. Adam Goodwon,

888 Lancaster Building, Chicago,

Dear sir,--

I shall be in the city on Thursday to talk over more fully the matter of my marriage with your daughter, Josephine, and to make such arrangements as you may deem necessary. I trust that no prior engagement will take her from home that day as I shall dearly love to see her. Until then, believe me

Sincerely yours, Sylvanus Small.

Throws letter on desk Well wouldn't that kill you! That old codger is sixty-five if he's a day. Evidently this letter

was not intended to fall into the hands or for the eyes of Colonel Goodwon's private secretary. Now what's to be done? To-day's Tuesday and he's coming Thursday. There's no time to be lost that's sure. Josie must be seen at once. Singing heard off Right Ah! luck's mine for once, she's coming now.

ENTER JOSEPHINE R

JOSEPHINE--Glancing around Ah, Milton dear, all alone.

M.--Rising as she comes down toward him Yes, sweetheart.

J.--Coming toward him joyously speaking, and with extended hands which he takes I'm so glad. I was afraid father or someone else would be here.

M.--Still holding her hands, kisses her No, the coast's clear, at least for the present. Suddenly Say, dearie, do you really love me?

J.--Throwing her arms around his neck What a question! You know I do. Releases him

M.--And nothing in the wide, wide world will prevent your marrying me?

J.--Holding and swinging each other's hands Why, Milton, what has happened? Why are you so serious? What is the matter?

M.--Promise me.

J.--Nothing in this wide, wide world will prevent me from marrying you.

M.--Good. Embraces her, then goes to desk I'm going to do something--as confidential secretary to your father--I ought not to do. I am about to divulge some of his private correspondence. Hands letter from desk Josie, read that.

J.--Takes letter, reads Milton, what does this mean?

M.--It evidently means that someone besides "yours truly" has matrimonial intentions with Miss Josephine Goodwon, and that too, without that lady's knowledge or consent.

J.--Milton, what's to be done?

M.--I hardly know sweetheart. Motions her to R desk chair and she sits Sit down, dear. I ought to have spoken to your father and asked his consent to our marriage long ago, but I was too cowardly to step up like a man and have it out with him. Now it's too late and I'm afraid I've won you only to lose you. Money, evidently is in your father's eye, as Sylvanus Small is a multi-millionaire, and from this letter you can see some sort of an understanding has been reached as to your hand. Suddenly But you'll stick by, Josie, won't you?

J.--Embracing him Forever and forever.

M.--Thanks, dearest. Now you must go taking her arms from his neck as your father is liable to come at any minute. But stay near by and I'll manage some way to reach the climax with him regarding you. Rest assured I'll get word to you soon and then we can plan for our future.

J.--All right, Milton dear, I'll go down to the art museum. Going toward door R There are some new pictures I want to see. You'll find me there. Now don't fret and worry. I'm sure everything will come out all right. You know, as yet, father has said absolutely nothing to me regarding Mr. Small. I'll stick to you through thick and thin. He runs quickly to her and kisses her Good bye. EXIT at door R.

M.--Good bye, sweetheart. Pause, looking through door Gee! Have I got to lose that girl just because I'm poor? Comes down to desk, resuming work They say "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," but the duffer who said that wasn't up against million dollar propositions. If a case like this wouldn't give a fellow a weak heart I don't know what would. Colonel heard off L, "All right" The hour of my doom has come.

COLONEL--Outside All right, just set it down there and I'll send a man from the house to attend to it.

ENTER COLONEL L

COLONEL--Ah, Milton my boy, good morning.

M.--Good morning, Colonel.

COL.--Going toward hat tree speaking and removing gloves Removes coat and hat and hangs them up Sylvanus Small has sent me a box of choice flowers and fruits. Deuced fine man that but rather along in years. But money! lord, he's made of it! Bonds and stocks galore! Director on a dozen different railroads and not a wife or a chick to help spend this enormous wealth. Coming down to his desk R, and sitting Well, well, Milton, what makes you look so down-hearted and blue this morning? Anything wrong?

M.--Very despondent Nothing about the office or business, Colonel.

COL.--What then?

M.--Hesitating, then suddenly Oh, I don't want to bother you with my troubles.

COL.--Nonsense, my boy. Out with it. Perhaps I can help you. You know perfectly well there's nothing within reason that I'd not do for you.

M.--Brightening at once Thanks, Colonel. Will you--that

is, could you--I mean, would--

COL.--Now see here, Milton, what is the matter with you? You act like a man in love.

M.--Very quickly That's just it! I AM!

COL.--Well, don't get excited. Shut off your power, and coast a ways. I thought that was the trouble. Well, who is the girl, anyone I know?

M.--Starts, then suddenly Oh yes! You know her real well. Laughs nervously But I wouldn't want to tell you her name, at least not just now. You see I want to ask your advice.

COL.--All right, go ahead.

M.--Growing braver Colonel, suppose you was a young fellow, like me, possessed of but few dollars, but ambitious and anxious to rise; in love with one of the sweetest girls in the world?

COL.--Oh yes; of course. Every fellow has the sweetest girl. Beats all how many "sweetest" girls there are. Well, how far along have you got? In the first place, does she really care for you?

M.--She loves me dearly.

COL.--No question about it?

M.--Not the slightest. She has promised, that come what may, she will be my wife.

COL.--She must be a spunky little dandy. Have you hinted anything to the old folks?

M.--No. That's just the point. Her father is wealthy, in fact is reputed several times a millionaire. I don't imagine there would be any trouble in gaining the mother's consent, but I am quite sure under present circumstances that it would be impossible to get the father's.

COL.--Why worry about that?

M.--Much surprised Why, what do you mean?

COL.--Marry her and ask his consent afterwards.

M.--Jumps up, excitedly By George! You put an idea in my head! Why couldn't I do it? I never thought of that. Grasps his hand and shakes it vigorously. And you will help me, Colonel?

COL.--Sure! That's how I married my wife.

M.--What! Colonel, eloped?

COL.--We certainly did. Sit down and I'll tell you about it. Milton sits at his desk It was more the result of a joke than anything else and a joke that was played on me. But I turned it all right and made my fortune too. I don't tell this to everyone, but I'm going to tell it to

you, to cheer you up a bit. When I was a young fellow, my "hind sight" was a blamed sight better than my foresight. Consequently I was the frequent butt of many a practical joke. My wife's father was one of the greatest jokers in our town, and he never lost an opportunity, no matter on whom or where, his prank fell. He was very wealthy--made his pile in coal and oil--but that didn't prevent his love of a joke. One day, I was passing his office, when he hailed me and asked if I'd kindly deliver a note, being directly on my way, a few doors down the street. Of course I readily consented. Now the man to whom I delivered the note was almost as great a joker as my respected father-in-law to be. This was the note: "This will introduce to you Adam Goodwon. He is patiently waiting for you to split his coat tails with a kick. Charge it up to me and please give Adam Goodwon A DAM GOOD ONE." Both laugh heartily

M.--Then you got what you was sent after, Colonel?

COL.--I sure did. But later, I did the "charging up," for nothing would square accounts with my daddy-in-law to be, but to elope with his only daughter, which I proceeded to do forthwith, and from the nearest telegraph station I wired him: "A DAM GOOD ONE Adam Goodwon and WIFE. Postscript: No KICK a coming."

M.--Well, that was a GOOD ONE, too. What did your father-in-law do?

COL.--Do? What could the old gentleman do? For-gave us and we came back for the paternal blessing. Then I made my grand stand play. I boldly struck him for the position of junior partner. He looked upon the thing as preposterous and utterly refused to consider the matter. In fact, he was as mad as a car load of madmen, threatened to throw me out of the house, and all that sort of thing. But I brought him to his milk all right. I said to him: "Papa-in-law, take a plunge and cool off. Suppose I publish the little episode from the time of the 'kick,' up to the present, can you stand the pressure? Why I could SELL the story for a small fortune." He allowed he didn't care to have the thing get into the papers and in the end took me as a partner. I think he could GIVE better than he could TAKE a joke.

M.--Gee! Colonel, you've set me crazy. Can't I elope with MY girl?

COL.--Elope? Of course you can and laugh the old fool of a father in the face, and I'll tell you how to do it too.

M.--Eagerly How?

COL.--The girl lives here in the city?

M.--Yes.

COL.--Good. Now the idea would be to pick up a dominie, skip out to one of our suburbans, and quietly "step off." I have it. Chuckling As long as I've got started in this thing I may as well see it clean through. It takes a head like mine to lay plans for a thing of this sort. Great Gladstone! Wouldn't I like to see that old fool of a father when he finds out how we've played it on him? But you know I wouldn't for the world have it leak out that I had a hand in this.

M.--Who, as the plot is becoming more and more developed, can hardly contain himself Certainly not; certainly not.

COL.--I've got a sister over in Englewood, who don't have to step on a joke before she can see it, how would it do for me to give you a note and ask her to receive you and allow the ceremony to be performed at her house?

M.--Capital, capital! But Colonel, there won't be any "kick" for me in THIS note?

COL.--Don't you worry my boy. Laughs That old fool of a father will get the kick. Both laugh and Colonel proceeds to write, reading as he writes Well, I'll write you your note. "Dear sister Jane,--This will introduce to you my private secretary, Mr. Milton Nelson, who, for certain reasons, which he will fully explain to you, wishes to quietly and expeditiously marry the young lady who accompanies him. It is at my suggestion that he comes to you and any aid you can render him will be appreciated by your loving brother, Adam." Blots, folds, encloses in envelope and tenders it to Milton There, that fixes that part all right.

M.--Rises, takes letter and again sits Ten thousand thousand thanks, Colonel. When would you advise me to start?

COL.--At once, my boy, at once. Delays are not conducive to safety.

M.--Goes up C and proceeds to put on his coat and gloves By the way, Colonel, would you have any objection to Miss Josephine's going along over there with me?

COL.--But that wouldn't be necessary.

M.--It would help me mightily, and besides, she could square up matters with her aunt, a blamed sight better than I could.

COL.--Does Josie know your sweetheart?

M.--Better than she knows any other girl.

COL.--It might be a good thing then, and say, I'm

going to give you a week off, and here Taking a large roll of bills from his pocket and tendering them is a couple hundred dollars for a wedding present.

M.--Really, Colonel, I couldn't---

COL.--Goes up and forces him to take the money Nonsense, my boy, money will help you fool the old man. Now go and make your preparations. I'll phone Josie to come down and tell her all about the whole thing.

M.--Going toward R door Thanks, Colonel, thanks.

COL.--Don't mention it, dont mention it.

M.--At R door, aside I certainly won't. Turns toward the Colonel, swings his hat Whoop! EXIT R

COL.--Whoopee! Dances around I can just see that old fool of a father when he finds this out. Ah! but it takes ME to engineer a thing of this kind! Goes to phone, talks Hello, Central, give me 6 3 2, please. Hello--Goodwon's? That you, wife? Tell Jo. to come down to the office as quick as she can. She left in the automobile a short time ago, eh? What's that! Oh, no, everything's o. k. How's that? Conversation heard off R All right, I hear her coming now. Good bye. Hangs up receiver

JOSEPHINE--Outside Yes, we'll go right over in my car. It won't take five minutes after we pick up the Reverend Dickinfield.

ENTER JOSEPHINE R, followed by MILTON

MILTON--I ran across Miss Goodwon just outside, Colonel.

J.--Yes, papa, and he has told me all about it. It'll be just splendid, won't it? You've no objections to my going to Aunt Jane's?

COL.--None in the least.

J.--After all I feel sorry for the father.

COL.--You needn't. We'll show him "the kind of tree that makes shingles," won't we, Milton?

J.--You're sure you are perfectly willing I should go?

COL.--Certainly, my dear, go and help the boy out. It isn't every day we get a chance like this.

J.--Goes to her father, embraces and kisses him Good bye papa. Goes to R door, turns, throws him a kiss, EXIT R

COL.--Good bye, dear. Gee whiz, Milt., but this will be great, won't it?

M.--Colonel, how can I ever repay you?

COL.--You might let me kiss the bride when you get back.

M.--Every day in the year if you like.

COL.--Thanks to you this time. You're generous.

M.--I can afford to be. Suddenly embraces the Colonel, then goes toward R door, speaking It won't be long before I can say At door "Good bye, papa." EXIT R, laughing

COL.--Laughing Jiminy! I aint had as much fun and excitement since Mary and I eloped. Noise of automobile horn heard, two or three times, loud then fainter There they go! But won't that old fool of a father rave! Laughs, picks up instrument, introducing instrumental or singing specialty, or better still, both After specialty takes phone Hello Central! Has trouble with phone for two or three minutes, such as getting the wrong number, the brewery, the florist's, the undertaker's, etc. Local names can be used Finally getting his number I want 6 3 2. Hello, who's THIS? Well I want Mrs. G. Hello, that you Mary? Had a deuce of a time getting you. History is repeating itself. The richest thing you ever heard of. I've just helped Milton Nelson and his girl elope. Yes, same as we did. He couldn't possibly get the old man's consent you see. I told him our story and advised him to elope. Won't the old man make Rome howl? Laughs Yes, Josie was here. Milt. wanted her to go along so the minister and all of 'em went over to Jane's in Jo's car! Milt's a benedict by this time. He's a mighty bright boy and just as good as he is bright. Yes sir. Well good bye. Hangs up receiver By crackey, I don't believe I'd feel any better if I'd eloped all over again myself. But I WOULD like to see that old fool of a father when he finds it out! Messenger boy enters R singing, has letter in his hand, marches all around stage, singing all the time; finally stops in front of Colonel, makes him a profound bow, hands him the letter, and then EXITS L This can be and should be made very funny Colonel closely watches the boy, then laughs, goes up toward L letter in his hand, look offs L That must be Caruso or his son Robinson. laughs By Jove! I feel good. Comes down to his desk, opens letter, starts What's this! Reads letter "To Adam Goodwon A DAM GOOD ONE. Married, a few minutes ago at Aunt Jane's. Congratulate us, papa. Will talk over the partnership later. Don't let this get into the papers! Milt. and Jo. Postscript: How Small is Sylvanus?" Pause Well what do you think of that? WOW! He faints in chair.

CURTAIN

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